



L I F E G O E S O N / / / / S T E V E R I C H M O N D

gagaku

I'll present him with a mountain of poems
this red haired majesty I've lent
my marbles too
here take them
eat through them
mock them deep in your own mind
deep where I can't see

self

what have you been doing
Steve? looking
at the birds.
used to kill them.
when I was a kid
or try to
but I learned
and now they come closer.

Randy Tar

the sexes go there
to hate each other
passing through
each other quickly
a 20th century
joke.

I bumble in
knowing all this
knowing men shave
to look like girls
knowing all women
want two men one
wild one who takes
care of business
knowing the Sham of Love
knowing the beauty in
a night's foolishness
knowing the dream
not the actuality.

I know I've been hooked
five or six times I
know I am hooked now
and I know the futility
of living on
paper.

my dog
follows me around
my little house
room to room
she's at my heels
this is the insecurity
I breed
one never knows the next seconds
bomb raid
she feels my feel of instant death
the joy of each second
even in loneliness
even in frustrated love
even in the most terrible aloneness
and she follows me
into the backroom
out through the bathroom
at my heel
always with me
just like they say
my best friend.

gagaku

basket of fruit
wicker basket
full of a few lemons
and one bright orange
and some apples
with one half visible
banana

I sit at the table
covered by a white cloth
the table is brown wood
a card table
and the white cloth
lays smoothly over it

silverware
includes neatly placed fork
and knife upon perfectly
folded napkin
with a spoon
to the right of a
sparkling empty though
incredibly clean plate

Refrain

I lie to myself
unable to pin truth.

Seeking answers is truth
and knowing they'll never be found
is wisdom.

Life is seeking
and wisdom is a refrain.

poetmafia

they came here
and got me last night,
the poet ambulance drivers
raided my pile of literal blood
and swept away in their battered
1958 something, the poet angels
the poet assholes, the poet
mafia

a new group has formed
and I am in its midst
what a disgusting crapped out thing
and we in the poet mafia know it
and we are powerless
for like rats we live off
the cheese of our own traps

we laughed a lot
enjoyed the beer of life
and they drank my blood as chaser
for I was the sustenance of their
being last night; was my blood
they picked through and sampled
bought and took away with them
my blood!

we're rats, we're vampires of culture
filling future history with more
alien questions, more useless answers,
answers, and I would have it
no other way for we all lived last night
even in incredible imperfection we
gave each other breath,
really what more can be asked
of an evening?

the director

he is always
busy
and always followed
by groups of
pants-women
acting like men,
men
acting like
nothing.
he is eternally busy
seeking asylum
with the star for
secret instructions
and still they follow him
everywhere
like the seats of pants
and I
seeking a spot
of total anonymity
ponder fucking his wife
in this moment
of his material
glory.
but I move off,
he is a 'friend'
and I am
both bored and pleased
with his show.

LEO

grand gestures
without feeling
is this the sun?
no, my eyes have counted
and he is there
brilliant on my back.

gagaku

I lie on my stomach
the blades of grass
lightly scratch my chest
and stomach
and it feels good

I see into the grass
watch an ant make his way
up one blade
to its peak

ponder existence

and climb down

one patch of blue

one irregular rectangle of blue
above garage and to left
of apartments
out of my window
my eyes
my fingers on typewriter
my brain splattered
with need for soul
mate my body losing
everyones battle I
will clean house today like
the lady I miss I
will enjoy idleness today
and tomorrow and
await her never to be
coming.

gagaku

red apple
you roll on your
many many tiny green
legs rather
you walk along
on their mini-claws
each with 3 toes
and proportionately
long nails

grey black hoovelike nails
surfacely seen
by many humans as evil
and yet I see you
only as you are

poetrat

he is a rat
huddled
behind his "typewriter!"
oh it's foul
his infinite cowardice --
he won't get out
from behind the fucking thing.
he works it over
like a woman
he writhes behind
it like coming
he sleeps inside
it wallows within it
eats behind it lives
through it and
he's a rat

gagaku

snake
you move along
straight or sidewinder
fashion
and I love your flow
in the sand
or grass or
in water
you move
without jerks

gagaku

insects fly north
at first
a flock of birds

I got closer
looked at them singly
insects

locusts or some
form of wasp or mosquito
or termite or flying
hylgremite

no matter
insects flying north
in a flock

gagaku

given to forms
I count nuances

gagaku

I could not face
the sun last night
it burned my eyes
each time I looked

after it went down
I enjoyed it

the most peaceful time
of day for me
is just after the sun
is gone

now the colors are most
clear to me
and the flocks of birds
flying crookedly north
stand out better

now I can truly see

gagaku

first love
beachball
red blue and white
and yellow and green
and purple eclipses

I play catch
with myself
up and down
goes the ball
up into the air
floats
down slowly
lightly down
into my hands
all in
slow motion

wee what a game
catch with myself
I am smiling
this is real fun
my feet
in a sandbox
surrounded
or held in
by a green wooden
enclosure approximately
1 foot in height

I wear my plaid swim suit
and I have a beard
through which I smile
as I play

this fag
looks at the ring
on my middle finger,
he touches my finger
holds it as only
a fag can,
I wonder
what the fuck he is doing
 (obvious)
and I say nothing
for his intent
strikes just this side
of my vulnerability.
we're all latent
and how can I tell him
to cool it for
he always leaves just before
I kick him fatally

gagaku

these are my true
moments of escape
for they flap
in my vision
with black sheet-like cloaks
 they follow one another
 in their spiral through space
like demonic sheep
black sheep
oh they are the
evil of my soul
I choose to see
in illustrated vision
 rather than
 manifest

low

the sun is
shooting through the window
again this morning
yet this is not a time
for exclamation,
I feel the beard moving out of my face
 I feel low pains in my back
 I feel too many cigarettes
 and the sun
blinds me for an instant,
I feel a
pure lack of profundity
almost a selfishness of purpose
 this writing.

fruit

my cigarette package
is red and black
 (satanic colors)
 on white.
this signals my death

I have been told
by the gay demon of insight
 (a nervous man)
to maintain my freedom
or cancer cometh again.

I believe him
though he rubs my middle finger
 like a cherry

there is
this duck quacking
somewhere in 'the neighborhood'

it is the only
human thing I hear
lately

Turn Me Red

1

I have seen
 maidens turn Love
 on & off
like a blood spigot.
 I have fooled many women
and been called a 'rock.'
 still no answer

2

 how does this all tie together?
is age the wisdom of knowing it doesn't?
 are years wrinkles of self-deception?
 is my life
 a waste of experience?

3

 I yearn for
 a child on my lap.
a woman smiling and relaxed
 next to me.
my need for vitality constantly
 consumed and reborn.
 I yearn for the spigot
 On

gagaku

what strikes this body
 gently sweating
in flannel underarms?

cold sordid yet tender
 vibes

oh holy vibes of daily routine
mimic yesterday
 call tomorrow
vague dull yet
 today

cars are hammers on
 my ears

everything sputters about
me

and I want to give you
the long line
full of baskets
full of
sweet shit and dusk
and totally fragrant plants
and splashing colors
on real petals
and I want to give you all
yet I am limited
by matter

gagaku

I hold the
surface white abalone handle the
chrome blade glitters the
colors red aqua yellow are radiant in the
whiteness of the
handle.

I pick the
knife up in my fist
bring it to your front torso I
love your breast you
have perfect nipples for my aesthetic
need.

I slice down lightly
beginning at your sternum
such a thin slit the
blood comes up like ink a
perfect line
to your navel.

Rising the blood thickens its
line makes you cut in half flaps
opening I peer like a weak
child into you.

you smile.
there is no pain you
are a goddess beyond pain.

my backbone

my love sits behind many faces
first I think it's her
and I visit another
and goddamn truly there is something
in this other
face I adore.
it's the spirit of woman
that's my backbone
I'm unafraid to deny.
they carry me through life
and all I need is to look
into their eyes
and I'm uplifted.

my 'love'

what comes out here?
I don't feel too badly
yet my 'love' fucked another last night
but so did I
and that's why
I don't feel so badly
for all the missed connections
for all the dead relationships
(last night)
for all the misuse of each other
she's still my 'love'

prayer

I have just miraculously passed
through another 'love' affair.
God I hope it's over.
I want someone else to come
and touch me and become me
and I her. I want to be tender
with my invective saved for poetry.
I want no hidden crimes.
God another 'love' affair is over.
Please let it be over. I'm
not ashamed to pray. This is
my prayer.

wisdom

is the moving from pain
it comes with age. the young
who have not learned
still scar each other terribly.
I have not learned.

autopsy of art

they found his liver

"shrunk to half its
proper size, leathery in
consistency and green-
ish in color and ..."

they found his spleen

"more than double its
proper size."

audience

only the men
know what I mean,
the women are busy
and only the men have
true time for my passages.
something about a woman doesn't know
what I mean

ye demons crawl up my body
nails into my nipples
(I hear birds, bees)
change my lines to fit creation:
we sing together
join arms

-- Steve Richmond

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